Jan. 29th 1895.

My Dear Friend,

I went to see your mail carrier, Percy Palmer, and gave him your message, he was very pleased and is almost well, the dear child insisted upon sharing with me the flowers, some one had sent him, he looks very pale and thin after so much suffering.

The little german chil-

drew did not have the diptheria but the baby died of croup two weeks ago; the old people were very heart broken about it, they went and bought me out a toy ship, their only remembrance of the little one

It was very touching.

Wednesday Oct. 12

I have not had time to continue this letter until now; engagements crowd thick and fast upon me, so that I find it quite hard to sandwich in even my meagre correspondence.

This morning I spent 2 hours in the delightful society of that most tender-hearted specimen

of humanity, "The Dentist."
and now while Mama is
taking a little nap, I am
scratching a few lines to you
before we have to dress and
start for the "Scalchi Concert"
at the Auditorium. I expect
it will be very glorious, you know
Scalchi is my favorite of all
contraltos and she will sing a
number of my songs.

P. S. the 8th. I have composed
a little song with accompaniment
on the autoharp, which I will
sing for you when you come home
I sang it last night for the
first time for Mama, and my
cousin Carrie and her husband
who were spending the evening
at our house, and when I finish

they were all crying. I had no idea that I could make them feel it as I did. Their sympathetic mood was much truer praise than I ever hoped for — though why we should be praised, at all, merely for the possession of a gift, it has pleased God to give us, is more than I can see — it is no native worth that has earned for some of us voices and others none; And I sometimes think that praise is sent us by way of temptation, to make us vain and selfish.

Well, this is (ground hog) day and that gentleman has not seen his shadow, so we shall have an early spring. I am glad as Papa, Mama and I take our summer trip quite early this year — May

and June — We shall come home by way of Amherst with Lancaster at the close of school.

I read "The Story of Tonty" by Catherwood, but do not care for it. When you finish John Halifax, I can suggest something else if you wish me to — But I close now as it is time to get ready.

Your sincere friend

Grace Caroline [illegible]

P.S. Why don't people call you Clarence, it is so much prettier than Ed. — if I were you I would institute a reform.

GC

Ans Aff 2/14/93 EEH

Mr. Chauncey I. Filley

Oberlin

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GHH 6